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MAY 6-2000

Poetic Trifles.

THE RULE THAT STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK.

The mule stood on a burning deck,
The land he would not tread;
They pulled the ladder round his neck,
And cracked him o'er the head.

Yet firm and steadfast there he stood,
As though formed for the rule;
A critic of heroic blood
Was that there cursed mule.

They cursed and swore—he would not go
Until he felt inclined;
And though they showered blow on blow,
He wouldn't change his mind.

The deck hands to the shore then cried,
"This here mule's bound to stay,"
And still upon the critic's hide
With lash they fired away.

His master from the shore replied—
"The boat's about to sail,"
And every other means you've tried.
Suppose you visit his tail."

"It's likely that will make him land,"
The deck man, brave, though pale,
Approached him with his outstretched hands,
To twist that there mule's tail.

There came a sudden kick behind!
That man—oh! where was he?
Ask of the softly blowing wind,
The fishes in the sea.

For a moment there was not a sound,
As though he asked of those around,
"Now, how is that for high?"

"Cut that there mule's throat right away,"
The captain did command,
But the nobler critic killed that day
Was the forlorn, brave deck-hand.

From the New York Tribune.

A MARYLAND RAMBLE.

PHYSICAL FEATURES OF EASTERN SHORE—EARLY DEBARBERS—HOLLOWED PLACES—WHERE JEFFERSON FILLED HIS BOTTLE—HUNTS OF HICKS, VICKERS, FRANK—OLD CHURCHES—ROYAL RELICS—FESTIVITIES OF THE PEOPLE.

CHESTERTOWN, April 26.—Canada, says *The London Times*, is all frontier. The Eastern Shore of Maryland is all shore. The nine counties—Caroline, Cecil, Dorchester, Kent, Queen Anne's, Somerset, Talbot, Wicomico, and Worcester, called the Eastern Shore because they lie on the eastern side or shore of Chesapeake Bay—seem floating about between bays, rivers and inlets, or insecurely anchored to the peninsula, which is itself but feebly fastened to the continent. No part of the republic is so well watered, or so abundantly provided with natural lines of communication with the great Bay, and hence with the ocean and the wide world. Every county contains or is bordered by navigable rivers, or is washed by deep inlets or broad bays. The great Chesapeake, from four to 40 miles wide and 200 long, bears ships to the shores of seven of those nine counties, and to every district or township of the extreme southern counties of Accomac and Northampton, which belong to Virginia, and form the tail of the beaver-shaped peninsula, of which Delaware forms the back and the northern county of that State the head. There are but two bays on the coast of North and South America which approach in extent the Chesapeake: Delaware Bay and the Bay of Fundy. It is a remarkable fact that while Delaware Bay has but two rivers emptying into it and but one good harbor, and the Bay of Fundy but three rivers and three harbors, Chesapeake Bay has 30 navigable rivers and 50 harbors which will float and shelter the largest fleets.

The rivers of the Eastern Shore surprise one by their breadth and placidity, and seem more like estuaries than rivers. The Nantuxie, Choptank and Chester, for upward of 15 miles from their mouth, are from two and one-half to five miles wide, and are navigable from 50 to 70 miles. They are without a perceptible current, and their waters seem as quiet as a park pond. The waters of the Eastern Shore rivers, owing to their light fall and the action of the tides, are brackish or salt. Thus we find, not a river in the ocean, like the Gulf Stream, but salt rivers from the ocean, flowing far inland, meet and impregnating the waters from the creeks and springs 50 miles from the Bay, and, in the case of the Chester River, 200 miles from the sea.

Notwithstanding the advantages of natural canals, productive soil and more productive streams and bays, abounding in fish, with beds of oysters richer than beds of iron or coal, the progress of the Eastern Shore has been slow since the first settlement of Kent Island, almost two centuries and a half ago. The population of the nine counties, by the census of 1870, is but 175,254; including the two Eastern Shore counties of Virginia, 185,709. The entire peninsula formed by the State of Delaware and these counties contains a population about equal to that of Chicago. The largest towns are barely above the grade of villages. She may name excuses or reasons beside a lack of Western energy for this slow growth. Except chrome and iron in very limited quantities, the Eastern Shore has no mineral resources. Its timber is neither abundant nor of superior quality. The first settlers of Maryland were Roman Catholics, who are not ordinarily over-zealous friends of education. They began by selling white schoolmasters, brought from England, as indentured servants, and ended, under that system of African Slavery, by selling their daughters and granddaughters for purposes of prostitution, after leading them from the common jail in chains to the chambers. Maryland was not fortunate in its founders. Broken-down rakes and syphilitic courtiers were

not the best materials with which to found republics. Lastly, the Eastern Shore has suffered from the devastations of war—from incursions by Lord Howe in 1777, by Admiral Cochrane in 1813, and by Sir Peter Parker in 1814.

This placid-faced people have not the energy which makes men rich, or the ambition which makes them great; and are in material progress a century behind the age. The Eastern Shore produced not one great man, either during the revolutionary period or since. The best names are the Goldsboroughs, Hicks, Pearces, Chambers, and Cresswells; and the reputation of some of these men is local rather than national. But this region abounds in localities of rare natural beauty, and is filled with places hallowed by the presence of great men and the occurrence of historic events. To this quaint and quiet old Chestertown, in Kent County, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and John Marshall were frequent visitors. The chief men of the Revolution, so many of whom belonged to the Old Dominion, were in the habit of following the Eastern Shore route to Philadelphia and New-York to attend the sittings of the earliest Congresses and Constitutional Conventions. The villagers still feel the inspiring influences of the traditions which are historic and holy, as they draw water from the old Chestertown spring, which is as pure and sparkling as it was a century ago, when Jefferson was wont to fill his bottle at it and drink from this uplifted temperance vessel as he trudged along on horseback, thinking out the philosophy of freedom in the immortal Declaration.

Washington, tradition says, always tarried to quench his thirst at this spring when passing through Chestertown; and, coming down after the fatigue of laying the corner-stone of Washington College, which still stands on the hill overlooking the town, he drank to the prosperity of the institution just founded, with the solemn dignity peculiar to the first founders of the republic. The people of Chestertown still drink at this fountain, but not at the fountain of knowledge on the hill, for, from a lack of refreshing showers of gratitude or grace, the college has sunk below the rank of a good academy, and contains only 25 pupils. But Washington's 50 guineas were not given in vain, for the chief men of the peninsula have been educated here. Not the least noted of its former students is Geo. Alfred Townsend, whose boyhood was passed on the Eastern Shore.

Chestertown is the home of Senator Vickers of Maryland, who, it will be remembered, was hustled out of bed at 3 o'clock at night, and hurried off to Washington by special boat, to save the official life of Andrew Johnson. This super-sensible alacrity was Johnson's salvation. At home, Gen. Vickers is held in high estimation for his social qualities and irreproachable private life. He is enjoying the comforts of an ideal country home, the fruits of forty years' successful practice at the bar. The Hon. James A. Pearce lived and lies buried here. The proud Maryland Senator was stricken down by death just as his slaves, whom he had struck down often in anger with brutal blows, were lifted to freedom. It seems strange that one so long-sighted, and polished, and scholarly, should have his resting-place marked by a plain slab, disfigured by an inscription which begins and ends in blunders and ends with a misquotation. The opposite of Senator Pearce was Gov. Hicks, who is buried in the hot, sandy cemetery near Cambridge. Holiday Hicks, as his neighbors called him, was a "people's man." He was a farm-boy and farmer all his life, a man of no education, but with an intuitive knowledge of the springs and motives which moved men. His manners were familiar and fascinating, and it is said he could win over the most prejudiced political opponents by the strange magnetism of his personal presence and voice. With lofty loyalty he held his State steadfast in her place in the Union, and thus changed the whole field of the issues of the war. He sacrificed his slaves and died insolvent. Maryland has erected a monumental statue costing \$6,000 to his memory. It is the most hideous marble monstrosity ever beheld. It would not be idolatry to worship it, for it is unlike anything in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. The very birds flee from this spectral hideousness, and sit in neighboring groves and weep. So much for State pride, which gives the preference to a Maryland stone-cutter over a Northern sculptor.

Many of the churches of the Eastern Shore are crowned with old age and ivy, and crowned with the memories of good deeds and good men. Some are standing, of which those first American Bishops, Asbury and Coke, laid the foundations, and others in which George Fox and Whitfield preached. At Church Creek, in Dorchester County, a Bible presented to the church by Queen Anne and a cushion upon which the stout Queen knelt at her coronation, are religiously preserved as rich relics of colonial times. At Church Hill, in Queen Anne's County, is a church built of brick imported from England before the Revolution, and prior to the time when bricks were made in this country. The church has a unique, antique appearance, the bricks having as many colors as Joseph's coat. The walls are in a state of perfect preservation. Services have been held in this church every Sabbath for almost 200 years. A number of the churches erected at a later period have the church-bells swinging in the forks of trees, or shafts placed upright in the

church-yards.

The people of the Eastern Shore of Maryland are quiet, unobtrusive, and gentle. To be courteous, generous and hospitable, and to speak the English language in its purity, are habitual with them. They are educated, sweet-mannered, and refined, and in social life are as charming as the English. They are not absorbed so intensely in the every-day duties of this practical age as to have passed beyond all the influences of the age of chivalry, for tournaments are still held among them, which are creditable to their horsemanship, their taste, and their knowledge of chivalric lore. In summer and autumn, evening parties are held in Nature's sod-carpeted dancing halls, and along the banks of their beautiful rivers are re-echoed the notes of midnight music, for moonlight dancers gather in poplar groves to enjoy the sweet social pleasures of their insulated life. Their women are a beautiful haired race, with the luxuriant flaxen tresses of the Saxons, tinged to darker shade and more golden hues by the warmer suns of this Southern shore. To be beautiful is the rule, not the exception, where the women are Grecian-faced and wear such an auburn or golden crown of glory. Climate rather than race accounts for this rare type of personal loveliness. Here, as in every Southern State, the women are morally, intellectually, and physically superior to the men.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.

Among the countless throngs who daily pass and repass Trinity Church, New York, how many look that within a few feet of the crowded thoroughfare of Broadway is a grave which covers all that remains of a once beautiful and fascinating woman, the record of whose misfortunes and sorrows has dimmed the eyes of thousands? No date of birth, no indication of family and no date of death appear on the stone that covers the grave of Charlotte Temple, whose tragic story, once the theme of every circle, is probably unknown to the greater number of our younger readers. The most beautiful girl in England—so it is claimed—she attracted the attention of a young officer, a member of one England's oldest and proudest families, with whom she was persuaded to elope, under a promise that he would marry her when his regiment reached New York. She was only seventeen when she took this fatal step. Instead of keeping his vow, he cowardly deserted her, and then—the old story—she soon after died of a broken heart.

A little daughter whom she left tenderly and carefully, as a proper age taken to England, and a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars settled upon her by the head of her father's family, the late Earl of Derby, grandfather of the present Lord Stanley. She, like a true daughter and woman, returned to New York and erected the monument that now marks the mother's grave. The inscription upon it was engraved upon a solid tablet of brass, an inch in thickness, heavily plated with silver, and thus it read: Sacred to the memory of Charlotte Stanley—aged nineteen years. This filial duty performed, she returned to England, and lived a life of unobtrusive piety and usefulness. The plate placed upon the stone that marks the grave was supposed to be solid silver, and tempted the cupidity of certain vandals, who, with hammer and chisels, succeeded in prying it from the slab. They never were detected. Many years afterward, some good Samaritan caused the name of Charlotte Temple to be cut underneath the excavation. There it may be seen within a few feet of Broadway, by anyone who will take the trouble to look through the iron railing. The last time we glanced at the slab, now almost imbedded in the ground, we saw several sparrows taking a bath in the water which had collected in the excavation from which the vandals had removed the plate; and other little songsters were singing a requiem over her grave—near which we were gratified to observe a forget-me-not, doubtless planted there by some kind heart who, in childhood, had wept over the sad and romantic story of the blue-eyed girl.

HOW TEA IS GATHERED IN CHINA.

The Chinese are not remarkable for excessive cleanliness, some of their principal cities being represented as positively filthy in all their parts, but there are certain things in regard to which the Celestials are especially nice. Tea gathering is one of these. The little girls, who do the principal portion of the picking, are fed during the picking season mainly upon rice and weak tea, the fragility of their diet being requisite in order to secure tea unflavored by anything but the natural aroma of the plant itself. Says a writer, "such is the delicacy of the young leaf that extraordinary precautions are deemed necessary in order to prevent any deterioration, and especially that no objectionable taint may be communicated."

In furtherance of the object, the girls are required to have undergone a species of training and purification immediately prior to the commencement of the harvest. For several weeks' previous they live only on such diet as may communicate no offensive odor to the breath; and while engaged in plucking the flowery pekee are often required to wear gloves of perfumed leather.

A few iron nails placed in a vase with flowers will keep the water sweet and the flowers fresh. This arises from the sulphur eliminated by the plants combined with the iron.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Middletown Transcript.

THE OLD FISHERMAN.

BY OSCAR ZACK.

One eve I stood on Drummond's marge,
With hook and line in hand,
But how it was, I may not tell,
I slipped from off the land.

Perhaps, I'd tarried overlate
Along with comrades dear—
Perhaps, I'd drunk a glass too much
Of Otter's famous beer.

But let the fact be what it may
I'll not commit myself,
Lest temp'rance folks, in this our day,
Should "lay me on the shelf."

Kersness, he-dad, went Uncle Zack
Up to my knees in mire;
But, Transcript, tell it not in town,
The water came much higher!

When out I'd crawled I upon the bank,
I luckily fell to wishing;
I wish'd I had a rod and line,
Like that old chap, there fishing.

A Watstone am I for that,
And, faith! I'll mark the spot,
His cork went bobbing up and down
Like dumplings in a pot.

I'll see, too, what is on his hook,
If here all night I wait;
I'll know, for one, slight o' hand
And know his kind of bait.

At last he folded up his line,
And from the lower "bob,"
A dollar took, and a trice,
He put it in his fob.

Hah, hah, the secret's out at last,
I thought I'd learn your cue;
You scare no mortals with that bait,
And little fishes too!

I'll now describe him as he sat
Betwixt a drifting log;
I mark'd him well, though all around
Envelop'd in a fog.

And not a sound fell on my ear,
Though just a mile from town,
Save, ever and anon, there came
The wail of bloody woe!

Upon his head an old felt hat,
And it was badly torn,
For upright through the crown there came
A long and pointed horn.

His vest was once the la mode,
A fashionable buff,
But now that vest like some I ken,
Wore marks of fifty snuff.

The juice it was, I'll take my oath,
Of the Virginny weed,
That wrought that vest, much like my own,
That vile and dirty deed.

His coat was black as raven's wing,
Its cut a swallow tail,
With large brass buttons down in front,
Each fastened with a nail.

His britches buckled at the knee,
And they were darkly blue,
As every body who worked behind,
To let his tail pass through.

His hose, or stockings, which you will,
Were like some ancient knight's,
Have seen his famous cloven foot,
The rest was out of sight.

His feet were hid beneath the log,
Or, Van, I should, no doubt,
Have seen his famous cloven foot,
We've heard so much about.

I'd like to see, that same, I would,
A fact so often mooted,
Some say he is—some swear he's not
Like oven, cloven footed.

I saw his tail, re-septent-like,
Point to water level,
And, woe-betide the gadabout,
That dared invade his cell.

No sooner did the old man hear
The ever-echoed hum,
Than quick they got, and serv'd it them right,
What? Paddy gave the drum.

Whiz! at once went round his tail,
Like Paddy to public stone,
And hundred whacks at every blow,
"Where Uncle Ned is gone."

Up to the log I boldly stood,
I never look'd for pluck—
I say, Old Horny, are you now,
As ever, still in luck.

Just then a falling meteor shot,
And as it by me sped,
Its lurid light fell full upon
His black and woolly head.

I said my eyes, its course to mark,
And see which way it went,
Althow't the far-off horizon
In mute astonishment.

And when I look'd where last he sat
Upon that drifting log,
Why, dang the thing was there at all
But an infernal frog.

Spectacles, according to "Once a Week," are not such a recent invention as might be thought. Although they did not come into use in Europe until about the year 1300, they are, it is stated of unfathomable antiquity in China, being made, it is true, not of glass, but of rock crystal. The Esquimaux also, although ignorant of the manufacture of glass or even of pottery, and, therefore, not able to construct a lens, have devised an instrument of wood and bone, with a narrow slit, which assists the visual powers of the eyes. The Esquimaux call these instruments "titee-yaga," or "far sight," a term which is the exact synonym of the English telescope.

GO TO THIN.—A Boston lady thinks she is going to get to heaven on the strength of her well known charity to the poor. She has frequently been known, without any display of ostentation, to boil a large number of eggs, and when the poor people come to her door distribute to the hungry callers the soap that was left after boiling the eggs. Such acts of charity are unusual in Boston; but that's a little too thin to get to heaven on without stirring in a little thickening.

THE DARWINIAN THEORY.

Darwin's theory concerning the descent of man is creating a tremendous sensation among the monkeys. They have just heard of it, and are terribly exercised. They repudiate the whole theory. That man descended from them they consider a slur on the entire monkey race.

A cage of John Robinson's monkeys held an indignation meeting over the matter the other day, after the performance. A venerable chimpanzee, whose gray hairs entitled him to the distinction, was made chairman, and, sitting in a swing, presided with the utmost dignity. He got a little excited in his speech as he took the chair, but this was pardonable under the circumstances. "What," exclaimed this venerable baboon, "man descended from us! I repudiate the idea with scorn. True, we have our faults.

"We are accused of cutting up monkey shins sometimes, and not without cause, but this attempt to make us father on us the human race is altogether too much. Is it not enough that poverty requires us to travel around the country in this manner to make a livelihood, to exhibit ourselves to gaping men, women and children, at so much a head, (when two-thirds of them haven't any head at all to speak of,) without having it flung in our faces that we originated the pack of fools styled men?"

His remarks were received with every expression of delight possible to the monkey. Some stood on their pyramidal heads, others hung by their tails, while others threw flaps from one end of the cage to the other.

A monkey who had traveled much, and seen a great deal, and who had probably used the cat's paw to pull more chestnuts out of the fire than any other monkey of his age, next addressed his fellow monkeys:

Said he: "This Darwin has inflicted a disgrace upon us that no monkey of any self-respect will hesitate to resent. I fling his base insinuations back into his teeth! (A wild chatter of applause.) If man was indeed descended from us, what a fall was there, my countrymen! [Prolonged howls of derision.] If I had this base slanderer of our race—this Darwin, who *dis'vins* fame by traducing us—I would r-r-r-r him in pieces with these pentadactylous hands, and whip him to death with this prehensile tail! [Immense cheering.]

The chairman interrupted the speaker to remind him that no puns would be allowed. Nobody but men perpetrated puns and a pun was altogether beneath the dignity of any monkey who had the least respect for himself. The speaker promised to be more guarded in the future, and proceeded with his remarks.

"Look at the follies men perpetrate every day. Did you ever know a monkey to make such a fool of himself as they do? Did you ever know a monkey to buy a ticket to a menagerie and go staring at men and making remarks about people better than himself? Did a monkey ever get drunk, or talk about his neighbors, or wear a plug hat (unless it was fastened on his head by a detestable ringmaster,) or sue for a divorce, or leave, or color his whiskers, or go into bankruptcy, or cheat the printer, or get elected councilman, or run a bar account, or eat hash, or—or—or run for Congress? Never! [Screams and screeches of assent.]

"Man descended from the monkey, indeed! If we were descended from man it would be sufficiently disgraceful. I get ashamed when I think there is a possibility of a connecting link. Look at them in their political conventions. In our most idiotic moments did we ever yell and howl as they do?

"Look at them in congress. A whole menagerie on a drunk couldn't behave worse. And where did they get it? They didn't get it from us, that is a sure thing. The key to their cursed nonsense is not the monkey. [An admonishing shake of the head from the President.] Mr. Darwin must seek for his ancestry elsewhere, and let the monkey alone. He might perhaps trace it to the beasts of the field, or the birds of the air, or (what is more likely) the jackass!"

Tremendous applause followed his great speech. After some further remarks on the part of distinguished monkeys of like tenor, the meeting passed a series of resolutions utterly repudiating the Darwinian theory, and adjourned.

WORTH TRYING.—The following remedy for fever and ague, which appeared as a leading editorial in the *Cleveland Herald*, won't cost much anyhow even if it does fail: "We wish to give a very simple remedy for fever and ague, and wish to emphasize it by saying that it has, to our knowledge, proved very efficacious. It is simple common salt. A teaspoonful taken in water, and a teaspoonful deposited inside of each sock, next to the foot, just as the chill is coming on. That is all there is of it; but knowing that it has been very efficacious in 'breaking' a chill and perfecting a cure, we put it in our editorial columns, where no humbug remedy shall ever find a place if we know it."

A young Bostonian, wrestling with his first moustache, is going to name it after two celebrated base-ball clubs, because there are nine on a side.

CHINESE WOMEN.

Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, the missionary to China, lectured in Philadelphia recently. Of the women of China, she said: "The women of China are divided into classes—the bound-footed who are the ladies, and the large-footed who are the common class. The latter carry the burdens, do all the drugging and out door work, while their husbands do nothing. When a little girl is born the parents think the gods are angry with them and they hold a consultation whether it shall be allowed to live or not. If she is, when she arrives at the age of four they hold another consultation whether she shall be a bound footed or a large footed woman. If she is chosen to be a bound footed she is not permitted to do anything, but if otherwise she has to be the family's slave. I have seen a woman with four children strapped to her back and rowing a boat, while her husband laid in his cabin smoking his pipe. Girls have no choice of their husbands; the young girl is sold by her parents at the highest price they can obtain for her. If he chooses he can be divorced from her or gets tired of her he sells her again. In the coldest weather the large footed women are not allowed to wear stockings, and cannot dress in other colors than black and blue. The manner of making their feet small is by binding the four toes under the foot, which they keep bound up about eleven years, when the foot becomes dead. I have walked through the streets when the women would brush against my dress to see my feet so they could see to what class I belong. I would say to them: 'I will show you my feet but do not pull my clothes, as it is rude.' When I would expose my feet they would exclaim: 'Why have you no real ladies in America?' And the only way that I could make them believe we had, was by telling them that the women read books like men, which utterly astonished them. These Chinese are brought up in utmost ignorance, and they only marry in rich families, because they know and do so little, and need so much waiting upon, that it takes a rich husband to support them. If you ask a Chinese woman how many children she has, she will only give you the number of the boys. She has to ask the second time how many girls she has, as they are thought so little of that in many cases they are killed as soon as born. A large footed woman told me once that her first child was a little girl, and she described to me how she loved the little one. 'My husband went out,' she said, 'and brought a tub of water. I begged him to spare its life, but he took the little one and put its head in the water and held it there until it was dead. Her second babe was a daughter, and it was served the same as the first; the third child was a boy; he lived until he was about four years old, then the gods got very angry and killed him, then my husband died; and if I eat anything that is nice, and if I wear good clothes, my relations treat me harshly. Even in our Christian churches in China the women are not allowed in the same room with the men, but are partitioned off in a lattice work room."

AN UNLUCKY KICK.

A minister in one of our orthodox churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old widow lady who lived near the road he was traveling. The old lady had just been making sausages, and she felt proud of them—they were so plump, round and sweet. Of course she insisted on the minister taking some of the links home to his family. He objected on account of not having his portmanteau with him. This objection was soon overruled, and the lady, after wrapping them in a rag, placed a bundle in either pocket of the minister's capacious coat. Thus equipped he started for the funeral.

While attending to the solemn duties of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the pockets of the good man's coat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking these whelps away. The obsequies at the grave being completed, the minister and the congregation repaired to the church, where the funeral discourse was to be preached. After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remarks to the congregation when a brother desired to have some appointment given out, ascended the steps of the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a hitch to get his attention. The divine thinking it a dog, having designs upon his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps.

"You will excuse me, brethren and sisters," said the minister, confused and without looking at the work he had just done, "for I could not avoid it—I have sausages in my pocket, and that tar-tar dog has been trying to grab them ever since I came upon the premises."

QUESTION FOR THE CURIOUS.—Why is a pig with his dorsal appendage curled, like the ghost of Hamlets father?—We rather think it is because he "could a (tail) tale unfold."

"Whiskey is your greatest enemy." "But," said Mr. Jones, "Don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?" "Oh! yes, Jones, but it don't say we are to swallow them."

Select Poetry.

Translation from the French.

When heaving billows on the strand are rolled,
They burst in spray far and wide;
But laughing brooks channels make in sands of gold,
And hurry back, the wave to ride.
So moans the soft south wind when striking
The willow's bow,
Because it is shattered by the masts;
While merry gales in lichen and hush secure,
Make grooves through which they whistling pass.
Thus is our immortal soul and wave,
When dreaming, 'gainst the world is thrown;
'Tis broken and in drifts of thoughts may rave
In streamlets made of sigh and moan.

How a CAMEL GOES THROUGH THE EYE
OF AN NEEDLE.—The passage from the
New Testament, "It is easier for a camel,
etc.," has perplexed many good men who
have read it literally. In oriental cities
there are in the large gates small and very
low apertures, called metaphorically
"needles eyes," just as we talk of win-
dows on ship-board, as "bull's eyes."
These entrances are too narrow for a camel
to pass through them in the ordinary
manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded
camel has to pass through one of these
entrances it kneels down; its load is re-
moved, and then it shuffles through on its
knees. "Yesterday," writes Lady Duff
Gordon from Cairo, "I saw a camel go
through the eye of a needle, that is the low
arched door of an enclosure. He must kneel
and bow his head to creep through, and thus
the rich man must humble himself."

THE OLD

BANK

STILL IN OPERATION,
And Open for Deposits Daily.

THIS is to inform the public generally that I
opened the Old Bank as a

CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM SALOON,

where can be found at all times the finest con-
fectionery, the best Ice Cream, Luscious Fruits,
both foreign and domestic, at wholesale and re-
tail. Also a fine assortment of Cakes always on
hand. A share of the patronage is solicited.

E. B. RICE, Middletown, Del.

McWHORTER'S
Patent Bagging, Weighing and Tal-
lying Machine.



Expressly designed as an attachment to THRESH-
ING MACHINES.
The grain is bagged, weighed and tallied au-
tomatically, and no attention necessary except to
change bags as filled. Any desired amount may
be put in the sack by adjusting the weight for
that purpose, which checks off the flow of grain
in equal amounts for each sack, at the same time
moving the clock or tallying mechanism, which
keeps correct count. The amount threshed can
be ascertained at a glance at any time.
It will perform its work in all kinds of grain
with perfect ease and without giving trouble. It
is durable and reliable, and with our improve-
ments for the present season, we have no fear
that it will fail to please.
Our machines for 1871 are being manufactured
by G. Westinghouse & Co. For further particu-
lars apply to F. S. McWHORTER,
St. Georges, Del.

A Valuable Farm For Sale.

THE undersigned will dispose of, at Private
Sale, the Farm in Kent county, Md. owned
by Franklin Dyre and occupied by him. It was
formerly the property of Jos. Maibarger, dec'd.
It contains from 250 to 270 acres. The buildings
are all suitable and in good condition, and the
fencing of the best material and in fine condition.
It is divided into four fields and has three Peach
and two Apple Orchards. The peach trees are
in full bearing. The soil is highly improved.
The land is bounded on one side by Sassafras
River and on another by Pearce's Creek, navigable
for lime boats. This farm is within a half
mile of Georgetown, a steamboat landing, and
within a mile and a quarter of Delmar. There is
perhaps, not a more valuable farm in the county
of so greater number of acres.
GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee.
Chesleron, Kent co. Md. June 1, 1871—4w.

DEVINNY'S WORLD RENOWNED
Pantoscopic SPECTACLES, superior to
any ever used. The peculiar form of lens with
which they are set, the purity and hardness of the
material, the beauty of finish, and, not the least,
the scientific accuracy with which they are ground
render them the most desirable spectacle ever
used.

The Philadelphia Dispensary says:
"These spectacles are superior to any now in
use, being parabolic in shape they assist and
strengthen the visual nerve."
J. H. WANSER, Jr., Watchmaker and Jew-
eler, Middletown, Del. sole agent for Devinny's
Spectacles. [June 3-2w]

WORDEN & EVANS
Manufacturers of
WOODEN SHIP RAKE
AND SOWER COMBINED,
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
GUYMON, DEL.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs,
such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping
Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma,
and Consumption.

Probably never before in the whole history of
medicine, has anything been so widely and so deeply
known to the confidence of mankind, as this excellent
remedy for pulmonary complaints. Through a long
series of years, and among most of the races of
men it has risen higher and higher in their estimation,
as it has become better known. Its uniform
character and power to cure the various affections
of the lungs and throat, have made it known as a re-
liable protector against them. While adapted to
milder forms of disease and to young children, it is
at the same time the most effectual remedy that can
be given for incipient consumption, and the dan-
gerous affections of the throat and lungs. As a pro-
tection against sudden attacks of Croup, it should
be kept on hand in every family, and indeed as all
are sometimes subject to colds and coughs, all
should be provided with this antidote for them.

Although settled Consumption is thought in-
curable, still great numbers of cases where the dis-
ease seemed settled, have been completely cured,
and the patient restored to sound health by the
Cherry Pectoral. So complete is its mastery over
the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the
most obstinate of them yield to it. When nothing
else could reach them, under the Cherry Pectoral
they subside and disappear.

Singers and Public Speakers find great pro-
tection from it.

Asthma is always relieved and often wholly
cured by it.

Bronchitis is generally cured by taking the
Cherry Pectoral in small and frequent doses.

For a Cough and Croup, no better remedy can
be had. Take small doses three times a day and
put the feet in warm water at night, until the
disease is broken up.

For Influenza, when it affects the throat or
lungs, take the same course.

For Whooping Cough, give small doses three
or four times a day.

For Croup, give large and frequent doses until
the disease is overcome.

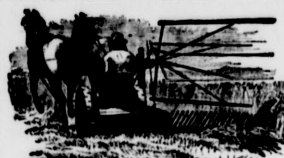
No family should be without the Cherry Pectoral
on hand to protect them, in case of attack,
from the above complaints. Its timely use often
saves the patient a great amount of suffering and
trouble, which would result from waiting until he
could get other aid. Parents, keep it in your houses
for the exigencies that arise. Lives dear to you
may be saved by it.

No generally are its virtues known, that we need
not publish certificates of them here, or do more
than assure the public that the best qualities it ever
possessed are strictly maintained.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical
and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass., and sold
all round the world.

For sale by Charles Tatman, Middletown, Del.
and by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine every-
where. [Oct. 15-ly]

Peninsular Machine Works



MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

TAKE NOTICE.

PENNINGTON BROS.

HAVE the exclusive right of New Castle and
Kent counties, Del. and Kent and Cecil
counties, Md. to make and attach the Drop-
Delivery to old reapers. We invite the farmer to
call and see our

IMPROVED REAPER FOR 1871,
WITH DROP-DELIVERY, which we offer for
LESS money and in constant stock superior to any
other reaper introduced here, for

Simplicity, Strength and Durability,
And equal for Lightness of Draft.

apr 22-ly PENNINGTON BROS.

DENTISTRY.

J. J. VANDERFORD, D. D. S.

Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of

DENTAL SURGERY.

DELAWARE CITY, DELAWARE.

REFERENCES.

Hon. H. G. S. Key, St. Mary's co. Md.
Hon. B. G. Harris, " " " "
Col. C. Billingslea, " " " "
Dr. F. C. Neale, " " " "
Joseph H. Key, Esq., " " " "
Hon. T. B. Biggs, New Castle co. Del.
Rev. John Patton, D. D., " " " "
Rev. J. C. McCabe, D. D., " " " "
Hon. Hiram McMillan, Cecil county, Md.
Rev. Henry Matthews, " " " "
Hon. Geo. Earle, late Asst. Post. Gen'l.,
may 13-ly

MONEY CANNOT BUY IT!
FOR SIGHT IS PRICELESS!

But the FINEST SPECTACLES will preserve it.

THOMAS MASSEY, JR.

CLOCK AND WATCH MAKER,

Main Street, nearly opposite Walker's Hotel,
Middletown, Delaware

CLOCKS, Watches, Jewelry, &c. neatly and
promptly repaired.

Always on hand and for sale, Clocks, Watches,
Plated Ware, Forks, Spoons, Silver Knives,
Rings, Silver Thimbles, Salt, Sugar and Tea
Spoons, Butter Knives, Gold Breast-Pins, Ear-
Rings, Finger Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Watch
Chains, Watch Keys, Key Rings, Steel Watch
Chains, &c.

AGENT FOR

DEVIAN'S SPECTACLES.

Dec. 12-ly

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

Just received, a cargo of VERY SUPERIOR
COAL.

Stov. 2200 lbs. \$7.50

Net 2200 lbs. 6.50

All orders will receive prompt attention.

June 17-ly CHAS. T. STRATTON,

Odessa, Del.

1 McCormick Reaper,

NEARLY AS GOOD AS NEW,

FOR SALE,

AT A GREAT BARGAIN,

June 17-2w by E. T. EVANS.

A FEW

Combined EXCELSIOR Machines

FOR SALE,

ON ACCOMMODATING TERMS,

TO CLOSE OUT STOCK,

June 17-2w by E. T. EVANS.

TOMATO PLANTS FOR SALE.

SEED PLANTS AND TRANS-
PLANTED PLANTS,
FOR SALE, BY

W. M. PETER,

CHERRYVILLE, NICHOLSON,
Centerville, Del.

June 17-2w

HO! FOR SPRING.

J. F. ELIASON

HAS just returned from the city with a large
and handsome stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

Consisting in part as follows:

LADIES' DRESS POPLINS,

ALPACA SERGES,

PERCALES, CAMBRICS, STRIPES,

PLAIDS, &c. &c.

Spring and Summer Cassimeres,

LINEN DUCKS & DRILLS,

NOTIONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c.

LADIES' MISSES & CHILDREN'S

BOOTS AND GAITERS,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

AND

FURNISHING GOODS,

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &c.

And in fact everything usually kept in a first-
class country store. All of the above goods have
been bought from first hands for net cash, and
will be sold at the very lowest prices.

FOR CASH!

J. F. ELIASON,

Middletown, Del.

April 8-ly

E. B. RICE,

WITH

FERREE, ENTWISLE & CO.

Produce Commission Merchants,

Berries, Peaches, Apples,

Poultry, &c.

180 CHAMBERS STREET,

NEW YORK.

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H. N. Willets, Esq. Middletown, Del.

B. F. Hanson, Esq., " " "

Hon. Alex. Hardcastle, Goldsboro, Md.

W. P. Lindell, Esq. Wyoming, Del.

A. B. Hays, Esq. Cashier N. River Bank N. Y.

John Warfield, Esq. Baltimore, Md.

S. S. Wyckoff & Co. New York.

Will remove to No. 189 Chamber Street, May
1st, 1871.

Feb 11-ly

M. E. DICKSON,

No. 241 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

DEALER IN

WATCHES AND JEWELRY,

SOLID STERLING

Silver and Plated Ware,

Suitable for Holiday Presents.

N. B.—Fine selection of 18 Kt. Wedding Rings
on hand.

Gold, Silver and Steel Spectacles to suit all
ages.

Dec. 10-ly

MIDDLETOWN IRON FOUNDRY

AND

MACHINE SHOP.

Plows and Flow Castings, Machine Castings
of all kinds on hand or made to order.

Particular attention given to Repairing Machi-
nery. Cash for old iron.

WM. L. BUCKE & SON,
Founders and Machinists.

Jan 4-ly

DAVID T. STUART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DOVER, DEL.

OFFICE North end of Court House.

Special attention given to the collection
of claims.

June 10-ly

JOHN OTTO.

JOHN BUTZ.

OTTO & BUTZ,

WHOLESALE TOBACCO HOUSE,

and manufacturers of all kinds of

CIGARS,

No. 2 West Front Street,

WILMINGTON, DEL.

June 17-6m.

THOMAS MASSEY, JR.

CLOCK AND WATCH MAKER,

Main Street, nearly opposite Walker's Hotel,
Middletown, Delaware

CLOCKS, Watches, Jewelry, &c. neatly and
promptly repaired.

Always on hand and for sale, Clocks, Watches,
Plated Ware, Forks, Spoons, Silver Knives,
Rings, Silver Thimbles, Salt, Sugar and Tea
Spoons, Butter Knives, Gold Breast-Pins, Ear-
Rings, Finger Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Watch
Chains, Watch Keys, Key Rings, Steel Watch
Chains, &c.

AGENT FOR

DEVIAN'S SPECTACLES.

Dec. 12-ly

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

Just received, a cargo of VERY SUPERIOR
COAL.

Stov. 2200 lbs. \$7.50

Net 2200 lbs. 6.50

All orders will receive prompt attention.

June 17-ly CHAS. T. STRATTON,

Odessa, Del.

1 McCormick Reaper,

NEARLY AS GOOD AS NEW,

FOR SALE,

AT A GREAT BARGAIN,

June 17-2w by E. T. EVANS.

GRAND OPENING

ENTIRE NEW STOCK OF

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

THE subscribers having leased the store-house
formerly occupied by J. A. Reynolds & Sons,
take this method of calling the attention of the
public to their large and well selected stock of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

FANCY GOODS, TRIMMINGS, HOSIERY,

Gloves, Handkerchiefs, &c. &c.

DOMESTIC GOODS

in great variety and of the best makes. A large
and full stock

Ladies' and Misses'

BUTTONED GAITERS & BOOTS.

Children's Shoes of all styles. A full line of

HARDWARE, CEDARWARE,

QUEENSWARE, &c.

GROCERIES and Provisions,

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS,

And in fact everything usually kept in a first-
class country store, all of which have been ac-
quired with great care and will be sold at prices
that cannot be surpassed.

We respectfully solicit a call before making
purchasing elsewhere.

NO CHARGE

FOR SHOWING GOODS.

SCOWDRICK & COCHRAN,

Middletown, Del.

TERMS: 6 mos. 5 per cent off for cash.

April 1-ly

1871.

W. H. MOORE & CO.

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

Gaiters, Queensware,

CEDARWARE, HARDWARE,

MEATS and FISH,

GROCERIES,

Carpeting,

Ready-Made Clothing, &c.

Invite the attention of the public to their large
and complete stock of Spring and Summer Goods,
which will be sold at such prices that will defy
competition. Do not forget to call when in town.
May 20-2m

J. B. FOARD,

Middletown Delaware,

SOLE AGENT FOR

ELIHU JEFFERSON,

New Castle,

FOR THE PURCHASE OF

GRAIN,

AND SALE OF

LIME, FERTILIZERS, SEEDS, &c.

OFFICE